

The Tragedie of Hamlet

I doe beseech you giue him leaue to goe.

King. Take thy faire houre *Laertes*, time be thine
And thy best graces spend it at thy will :
But now my Cofin *Hamlet*, and my sonne.

Ham. A little more then kin, and lesse then kind.

King. How is it that the clowdes still hang on you.

Ham. Not so much my Lord, I am too much in the sonne.

Queene. Good *Hamlet* cast thy nighted colour off
And let thine eye looke like a friend on *Denmarke*.

Do not for euer with thy vailed lids

Seeke for thy noble Father in the dust,

Thou know'st tis common all that liues must die,

Passing through nature to eternitie.

Ham. I Maddam, it is common.

Quee. If it be

V Why seemes it so perticuler with thee.

Ham. Seemes Maddam, nay it is, I know not seemes,

Tis not alone my incky cloake coold mother

Nor customary suites of solembe blacke

Nor windie suspiration of forst breath

No, nor the fruitfull riuer in the eye,

Nor the deiected hauior of the visage

Together with all formes, moods, chapes of griefe

That can deuote me truely, these indeede seeme,

For they are actions that a man might play

But I haue that within which passes shoue

These but the trappings and the suites of woe.

King. Tis sweete and commendable in your nature *Hamlet*,

To giue these mourning duties to your father

But you must knowe your father lost a father,

That father lost, lost his, and the suruiuer bound

In filliall obligation for some tearme

To doe obsequious sorrowe, but to perseuer

In obstinate condolement, is a course

Of impious stubbornnes, tis vnmanly griefe,

It shoues a will most incorrect to heauen

A hart vnfortified, or minde impatient

An vnderstanding simple and vn schoold

For what we knowe must be, and is as common

Prince of

As any the most vulgar thing to f

Why should we in our penish op

Take it to hart, fie, tis a fault to h

A fault against the dead, a fault t

To reason most absurd, whose co

Is death of fathers, and who still

From the first course, till he tha

This must be so : we pray you th

This vnpreuailing woe, and thin

As of a father, for let the world t

You are the most imediate to ou

And with no lesse nobilitie of lo

Then that which dearest father h

Doe I impart toward you for yo

In going back to schoole in *Win*

It is most retrogard to our desir

And we beseech you bend you r

Heere in the cheare and comfor

Our chieftest courtier, cosin, and

Quee. Let not thy mother loo

I pray thee stay with vs, goe not

Ham. I shall in all my best ob

King. Why tis a louing and a

Be as our selfe in *Denmarke*, M

This gentle and vnforc'd accor

Sits smiling to my hart, in grace

No iocond health that *Denmar*

But the great Cannon to the clo

And the Kings rowse the heauen

Respeaking earthly thunder; co

Ham. O that this too too fall

Thaw and resolute it selfe into a

Or that the euerlasting had non

His cannon gainst seale slaught

How wary, stale, flat, and vnp

Seeme to me all the vses of this

Fie on't, ah fie, tis an vnweede

That growes to seede, things r

Possesse it meerey that it shoul

As